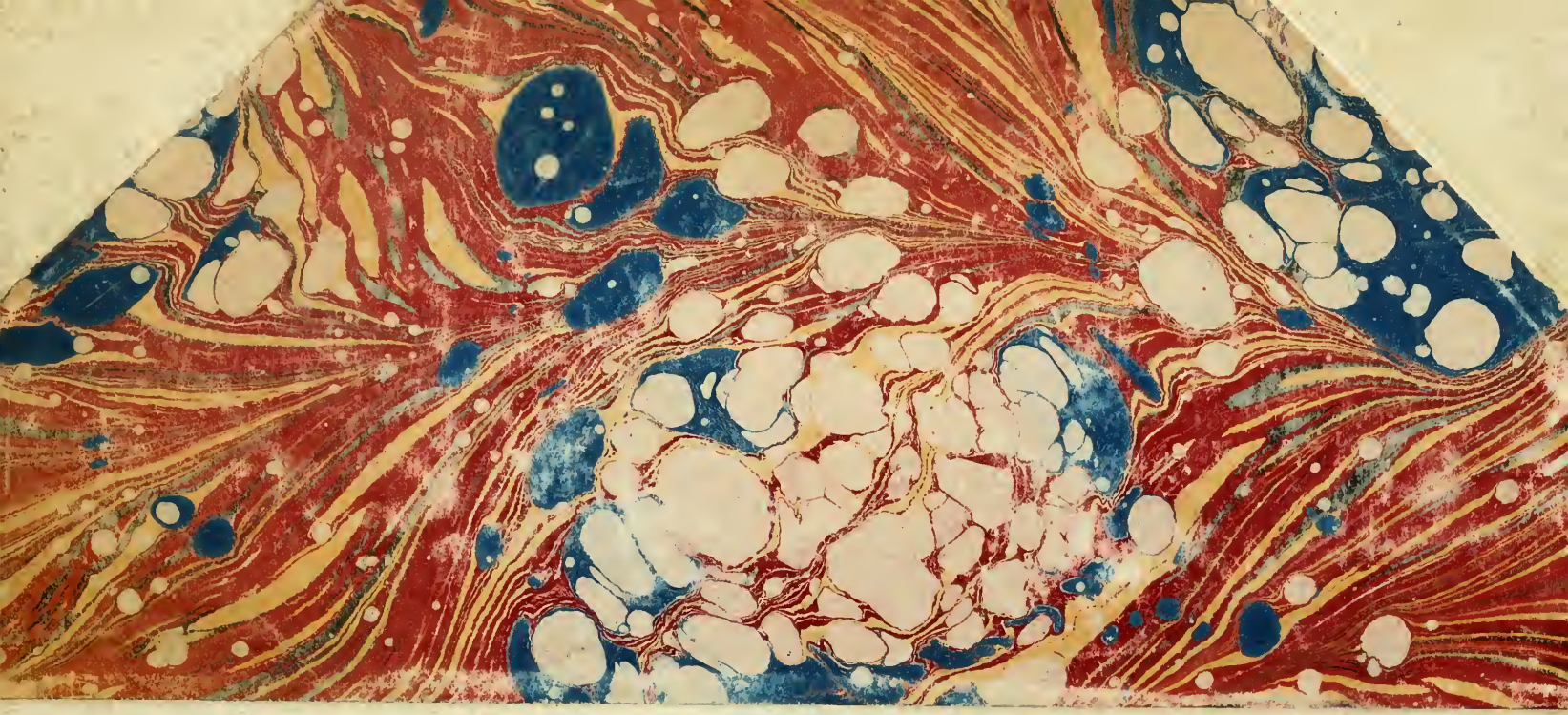

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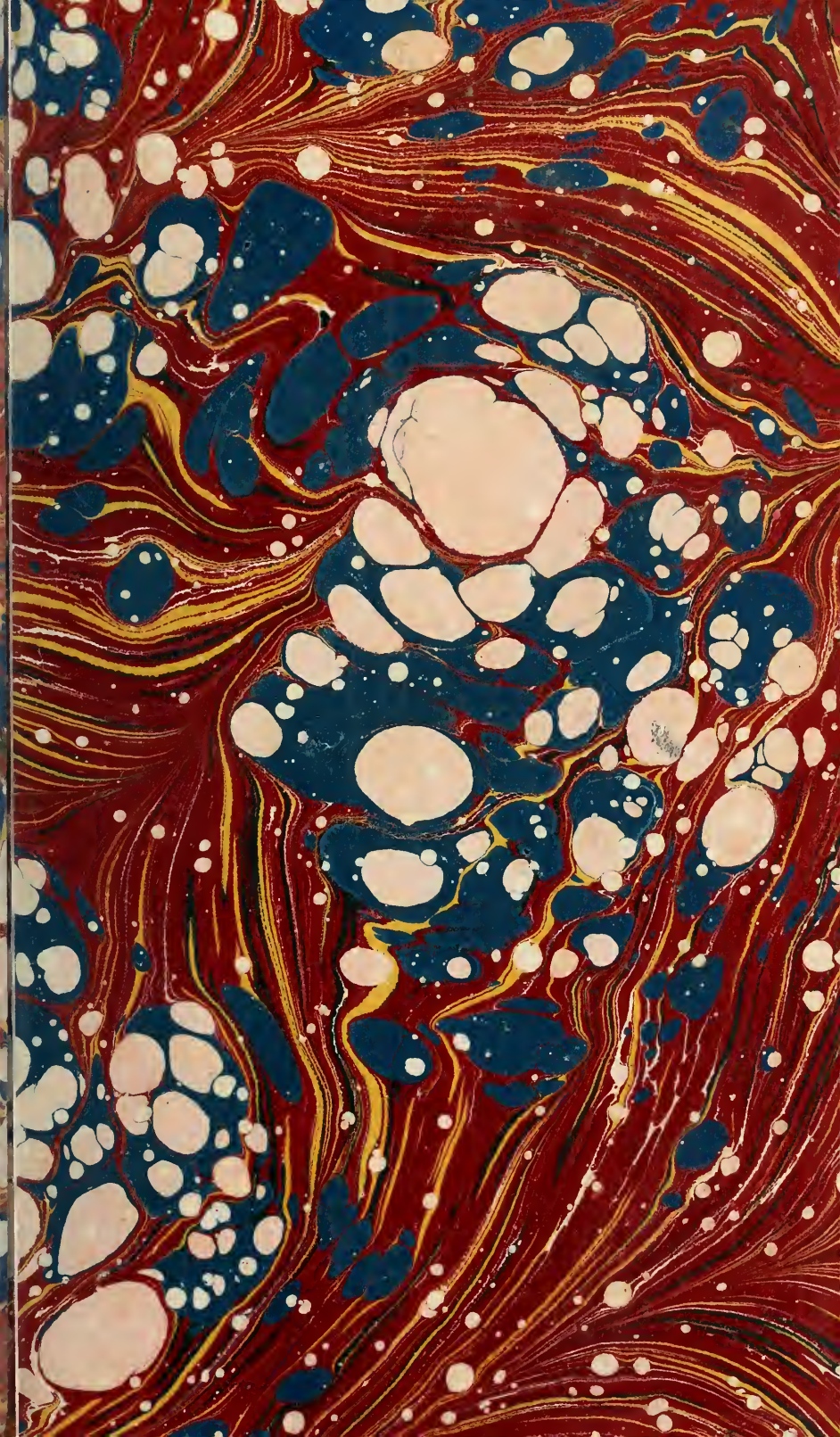

S. C. Brunas.
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THE

MINSTREL OF THE GLEN.

And Other Poems.

THE

Minstrel of the Glen:

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY HENRY STEBBING.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER ROW,

1818.

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TO THE

Rev. Robert Rede Cooper,

RECTOR OF INGLETHORP.

My Dear Rede,

There are moments in our lives when we forget our every past and present care in the pleasantness of our occupation, and lose the anxiety, which a moment before was tormenting us, in the hope, or at least in the attempt, of convincing those to whom we owe our gratitude, of our esteem and affection.

Such is the pleasure I feel in addressing you on this occasion. Trifling indeed is the tribute of respect which I present you; but it consists of the effusions of one whom your kindness

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has cherished, and whom, though distance have prevented your guidance of his literary efforts, your smiles of approbation have encouraged, and your wishes and endeavours for his welfare, supported. Would that the volume which is so truly honoured by your name, were more interesting and correct, that it might be more worthy of it. The unavoidable necessity under which I lie, of losing at at least all the troubles if not all the anxieties of authorship, before my departure to the University, in October, prevented my taking the advantage of your corrections, or indeed of the alterations which time might have instructed even myself to make. If therefore you feel yourself at all amused by the thoughts of one, who has possessed small leisure to clothe them in little other than in a very careless, and probably unbecoming dress, I shall obtain almost more than I hope; but if fate permit me to profit by increase of years, and

improve my judgment by a more extensive knowledge of modern taste and ancient lore, when I cease from severer studies, I shall perhaps be able to produce verses a little more polished, poems perhaps more interesting.

Of the pieces which compose this volume, "The Minstrel of the Glen" is by far the longest. The obscurity in which it is veiled will probably displease many. To these I have nothing to say in my defence, except that, for my own part, every picture appears to me more interesting which is thrown into the shade, and in which, the figures being but just discernable, the imagination may amuse itself by distinguishing the characters, and adding, at its own will, tints and shades, which, had it been suffused with light, would have been prevented. The "Wanderers" was printed near a year ago and circulated among my friends; as it was, I may say, the first production of my muse, I feel, though it possess perhaps nothing but its

shortness to recommend it, loth to resign it to oblivion.

In committing these and the other pieces which compose this volume to the press, many will say of me what the poet said of a perhaps rather more intrepid personage, though not in a more dangerous situation;—

> Illi robur et æs triplex
> Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
> Commisit pelago ratem, &c.

But with the hope, my dear Rede, that the perusal of it may not lessen me in the estimation of one, whom every heart capable of virtue must so warmly esteem, and whom every bosom capable of affection must love,

I continue, with the sincerest respect,

Your much obliged,

And sincerely affectionate Cousin,

HENRY STEBBING.

August 25, 1818,

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Verses addressed to a Friend.

THE

Minstrel of the Glen.

INTRODUCTION.

ERRATA.

Page 23, line 3, for *east*, read *west*.

Page 27, line 9, for *native*, read *infant*.

Page 76, line 3 from the bottom, for *his*, read *is*.

THE

Minstrel of the Glen.

INTRODUCTION.

THE

Minstrel of the Glen.

INTRODUCTION.

STRANGER wandering o'er the wild,
Oh say what dream hath thee beguil'd
To wander down this lonely dell,
Where none, save sorrow, loves to dwell!
Pale is thy cheek, and many a tear
Hath fallen I ween, its bloom to sear;
If yet thy heart o'er sorrow brood,
Come tread with me this solitude.

The lonely still—the deepening shade
Shall bid awhile thy anguish fade,
Lulling the pang that wounds thy breast
To pensive melancholy rest!

Slumbering is Dian's silver'd beam
O'er the low Glen and mountain stream!
Softly the evening breezes stray,
Sighing to sleep the sinking day:
The sky's fair blue looks soft and bright
As sweetest maiden's eye of light,
And all is fair and witching still,
As moon-shine melting o'er the rill.
Most sweet it is in such sweet hour,
Upon the hill or 'neath the bower,
To dream on joys and pleasures flown,
To bless the memory of the gone;
And in still peace to sing again
Some long-neglected youthful strain.

For, as the wild notes softly die,
Though wet with many a tear the eye,
Each joy and pleasure once that blest
Again delights the rising breast;
Each one our bosom held most dear
Smileth in angel beauty near,
And the fair shades of better days
Rise sweetly to our wakening lays.
But view'st thou yonder little glade,
Where the green willows hang their shade,
And briary roses droop their head,
Upon the purple violet's bed;
There never yet the summer day,
Or Autumn sun hath shed its ray
To frighten from the lone retreat,
Calm twilight holding there her seat;
Spreading a soft and silken veil,
Where the sweet flowers their tresses trail,
And ever wet with ether dew,
Weep the long days of summer through;

While the love-waking warbling throat
Of the night minstrel pours its note,
Through all the day, as if the night
Had curtain'd o'er the silver light.
For slumbers there all far from men,
The lonely Minstrel of the Glen.

So still—so fairy look'd the dell,
So soft the twilight curtain fell
O'er the lone spot when first his tale,
The wandering harper of the vale,
Told me as I strew the bloom
Of flowers upon his grassy tomb.
And Stranger as we rest awhile
Beneath this tree our woes to 'guile,
I'll take that Minstrel's harp again
And strive to touch the simple strain.
My joys are faded, and my lay
An artless tale can only say;

But may it chance awhile to dry
The tear of sorrow in thine eye,
And wake in mine the dew of gladness,
To balm and sooth my bosom sadness,
The while calm thought with fancy strays
On vision'd joys of other days.

THE

Minstrel of the Glen.

CANTO I.

THE

MINSTREL OF THE GLEN.

Canto i.

I.

PENSIVELY o'er the traveller's way
The shade of twilight falls,
And dimly veils the mouldering grey
Of Cuthbert's castle walls.
No minstrel through its deep hush'd halls,
His lays of joyaunce sings,
His grey head sleeps 'neath weed-spread mound,
His harp, all broke its tuneful strings,
Is mouldering on the ground.

Pensively sighs the gale of night
Around the lonely tower,
The gay wall flowers wave fair and bright,
As Sun on cloudy shower,
Black'ning its sad'ned darkness more,
As moon-beam on a lonely grave
Makes its still peace more deep
As the green willows gentle wave,
Saddens the lover's sleep.

The moon-beam all in beauty pale
Scarce peeps the clouds of evening through,
That sleeping on the slumberous gale,
Clothe with their shroud of tempest hue
The curdled heaven's serener blue.
Deep silence, save the wind's dull moan,
Rests round the fearful dark'ning height,
The song—the beam of day is gone,
But not as yet the storm of night
Hath woke, to lull the chill affright,

Which preys upon the breast,
In wild and dark mysterious dread
When all save one seem sunk to rest,
And death with silent misty tread
His night-wove shroud o'er nature spread.

II.

With pilgrim's staff and silent pace,
A tear half starting from his eye,
With whitened locks and dark hued face,
As brown'd 'neath other sky,
Wanders a man of sorrow by;
His look now bent upon the tower,
And the still ruins grey,
And now upon the ether bower,
Where, bursting from the clouds away,
The night queen sheds her silver ray.
On the cold stone he bends his knee,
Bent is his eye above,

His soul in silent extasy,
Weeps in the calm of love,
While his heav'd bosom's starting sighs
Seem like the thrilling throb of joy to rise.

III.

Hark, softly mournful as the strain
That oft at evening's witching hour,
The lover hears so sad complain,
In forest walk or lady's bower;
Sweet melody, all sweetly wild,
Melts on the pilgrim's list'ning ear,
Soft as the strains that bless earth's child
Waking afar from earthly care,
And melting in the plaintive close,
As evening dews on summer rose.
O look wild fancy well may view
Upon the cloud that swims the blue,
The blue clear ether, forms reclined
Fair as the sunn'd wreaths that the wind

Of summer evening leads beside
The mossy bank of fountain tide.
'Tis bright beneath the silver glow;
The mystic strains all sweetly flow.—
'Tis darkling in the night again;
No more is heard the fairy strain.—
The cloud is gone, the heavens are clear,
No angel forms are resting there,—
Yet swells again the witching lay,
As from the castle's ruins grey.
The Pilgrim starts—his placid look
Is gone, as if some feeling woke
Of distant day, swelled o'er his soul.
Wildly his dark eyes wandering roll,
Then fix upon the earth again,
As he would drink the pensive strain;
And silently pale he turns him round,
But swells no more the lonely sound.

IV.

'Tis still—and midnight's deepen'd hush
In silent terror seems to rush,
Ev'n as the phantom billows flow,
All noiseless through the vales below.
Less bright the shrouded light is shed,
The pilgrim's drooping form is fled;—
Again in silence dread and deep,
The bending ruins shade-clad sleep,—
Dreary and still, as o'er their frown,
Slumber'd the night in deepen'd brown.
Full many a year it is since they
Have seen the beam of festal day;
Full many a year since serf or knight
Hath joyaunced there on banquet night,
Or the grey minstrel of the vale
Paused at the gate to tell his tale;
So still its melancholy gloom,
The night seems fairer round the tomb.

But thrilling is the pensive fear
That wakes the soul to drop the tear,—
And softer is the evening hour,
That darkens round a mouldering tower.
Wanderer, when along thy way,
The eve hath spread her cloud of grey,
Hast thou not loved to sit awhile
Beneath some hoary ruin'd pile,
And in the melancholy gloom
To weep and think upon thy tomb?
On bosom joys that long have fled,
On thy far home, or friends long dead?
Oft have I lulled Misfortune's smart,
And balm'd the pang which tore my heart;
Oft have I lulled to sweetest rest,
My lonely soul and anguished breast;
The while my eye hath wander'd o'er
A dim dark tottering pile of yore.
Soft calm along my soul hath roll'd,
As the dark truth of dread it told,—

To the glad world a truth of fear,
To Sorrow's weeping child most dear.

V.

Soft melt the clouded shades away,
As on the lake an echo'd lay;
Along the sky the morning light
Sheds a faint gleam upon the night,—
A wreathy mist sleeps on the hill—
Cold gush the waters of the rill.
The forest deer hath not yet woke,
The mountain echo hath not spoke;
Wet dew in fleecy whiteness lies
On the dark rocks, that dimly rise,
Half hidden 'neath the dusky night,
Half glimmering in the breaking light;
And Summer morn, like Autumn eve,
Her shapes of wildness strange doth weave.
Softly they fade—in crimson streaks
The sable cloud of darkness breaks,—

The beam of matin star so bright
Is drown'd in floods of rosy light,
And the pale moon-ray on the blue,
Seems cold as frozen fountains' hue ;
While the dim'd stars around her throne,
In softest light so late that shone,
Look with their dull extinguished beam
Like gold drops sinking in a stream ;
But yet beneath the silent dell
Grey twilight finds a peaceful cell,
Weeps her soft tear-drops on the flowers,
That weep again night's peaceful hours.

'Neath yonder briary roses shade,
Who sleeps in balmy slumbers laid ?
His vesture green, of fashion rude,
Befitting such wild solitude,—
His harp laid careless by his side,
Deck'd with wild flowers in artless pride ?

'Tis he whose simple tale I tell,
The lonely Minstrel of the dell.

VI.

High on yon crag, o'er which the streak
Of morning first is seen to break;
Whilome a little low cot hung,
Like eagle's nest on eiry swung,
Of Hubert fall'n, the last retreat,
And one as evening's blushes sweet.
Sweet Maia, as the soft spring mild,—
Sweet Maia, bright as spring's warm child.
Oft fancy, from those rugged heights,
Had borne her in her wildest flights.
Oft fancy, from the winter'd cliff,
Had borne her in her airy skiff
To many a fairy blossom'd isle,
Where love in trance of bliss did smile;—
Oft wreath'd her brow with many a flower
That bloom'd no where save in her bower;

While a bosom thrilling sympathy
Dew'd the calm lustre of her eye.

VII.

Evening had mellowed o'er the east,
And the far-echo'd pipe had ceased,—
The scarcely-breathing zephyr'd gale
Spread twilight's soul-entrancing veil;
And her young heart to thoughts most sweet
In wildest bliss did strangely beat,
Blending sweet witching hope with fear.
As their lone dwelling's wicket near,
Wander'd a stranger well arrayed,
Who from his onward path had strayed
To view the dim'd sun ere it fell,
Or evening star rise o'er the dell.
Fair was his form, and well his vest,
That his fair form all proudly drest,
Spoke noble birth and station high;
While the bright gaze that lit his eye

Told of a soul as noble too
As the calm'd scene he stray'd to view.
Well did his bosom love to see
Sweet nature veil'd so pensively,—
Well did his mute eye love to trace
The melody soft-breathing grace,
Which bidding almost thought to cease,
Slept on the fair sky's smile of peace.
But visions far more wild, more sweet,
Bade his soft rising heart to beat
As strayed his gaze where Maia stood,
Wrapt in her mutely musive mood.
Oh who, whose heart e'er felt delight
To look on nature's beauty bright,
Feels not a charm more witching roll
From the soft beam of woman's soul?

Boots it not now my hasty lay,
Each sigh that swell'd their hearts, to say?

Boots it not now how evening's hour
Came with a softer sweeter power?
Sufficeth it alone to tell,
That each loved time her shadow fell,
Cuthbert, the noble and the good,
Climbed the rude heights and Maia woo'd.
Sufficeth it alone to say,
That their hearts blended like the lay
Of well-tun'd harps, and the soft kiss,
Moist with the nectar'd dew of bliss,
Had balm'd the vow, which fancy's child
Deems in her young hearts wandering wild,
Pure as the echoed vow the breast,
Breaks not its torpid peace to list,—
Pure as the vow the earthly mind
Deemeth full well the heart to bind.
But soon e'en that, in holy pile,
Had calm'd her bosom—but the guile
Of the worst hatred, love-born hate,
Frown'd on the brighter beam of fate,—

Bidding each nurtur'd hope to cease,
Blighting the budding smile of peace.

VIII.

No more 'neath Cuthbert's bower of pride,
Sweet Maia listen'd by his side
The vow of love, or on the height
Bless'd with him the evening light.
The joyous hours of bliss were gone,
The sweet pure dreams of love were flown;
With thought of her fair purity
Hope wither'd too, and dim'd his eye
Far wandered he o'er many a clime,
To lull the pang of other's crime;
While she, that sad and drooping maid
Sear'd in her heart, all lonely stray'd.

The eve that shed its beauty bland,
Ere the pang'd Cuthbert left the land,

O'er yon tall cliff a fair pale form,
Bent like the vale-flower in a storm,
Awhile was seen yet ere the eye
Might wander to that crag so high
'Twas fled—but on a cluster'd wreath
Of flow'rets, from the dell and heath,
Slumber'd a fairy one of smiles,
Fair as he who the heart beguiles ;
Sweet with the smiles of native gladness
That beam'd through veil of native sadness.
No more was Maia's form beheld
By her fast-drooping sire of eld ;
But his chill'd heart, by that fair child,
Of half its woe was oft beguil'd,
Dreaming of infancy again
Till it forgot its lonely pain ;
While he as dewy rose more fair,
Bloom'd sweeter 'neath his silent tear ;
And when it roll'd no more, and peace
Bade age's quicken'd throb to cease,

Lonely and sad he form'd him then
A rude harp of the ashen tree,
And wandered down the woody glen,
To teach its chords wild minstrelsy.
The soft notes of the nightingale
Taught him to tune its sylvan string ;
And the sweet echoes of the vale,
His heart mused melodies to sing.
Lonely and sad he form'd him then
A little silent rocky cell ;
For ever 'neath the lonely glen,
Like woodland genius to dwell.

END OF CANTO I.

THE

Minstrel of the Glen.

CANTO II.

THE

MINSTREL OF THE GLEN.

Canto ii.

I.

THE towers of Wildred's lordly pile
Shine 'neath the sun's expiring smile ;
A cheerful stillness sleeps around,
As they in smiling trance were bound.
No voice is heard, no form is seen,
Along the walls, or on the green ;
All wearied with the sunny day,
They sleep within the hours away ;—

Soft lulled in bowers of languid rest
Frame witching lays of lovers blest,—
And pour the cooling mead, and tell
Of Ronald's love for Isabel.
And must yon minstrel vainly wait,
With his fair harp, before the gate?
Sure, for so sweet, so soft a lay,
Some heart will bid the wanderer stay,—
And bide awhile to tune his string,
Till the dark night be on its wing.

A page, with welcome kind and bland,
Hath gently press'd his youthful hand,
And led him to the fairy bower
Where Isabel, the silent hour,
Charms with her sweetly plaintive lute,
More soft, more melting, than that flute
Which oft, in vale of Arcady,
Breathed forth its sylvan melody.

Fair is her form, and meet to grace
Such wildly lone, such fairy place.
Like gem the Minstrel loves to view,
Curtain'd in heaven's serenest blue,
When Summer eve, with circling cloud,
Its maiden loveliness doth shroud.
Sweet as the rose of summer, when
The morning weeps beneath the glen;
And pure as that sweet flowret wild,
Mild Spring and rugged Winter's child,
Born ere the Summer beam be seen,
Or nature don her vest of green.
Why starts she from her rosy seat,
Why does her heart so wildly beat,
Why heaves her breast the quicken'd sigh,
Or rolls that big tear from her eye?
No lay the Minstrel's harp hath rung,
No tale of sorrow hath he sung;
Yet from her eye the light hath fled,
Yet on her cheek the bloom is dead;

But in the Minstrel's circling arms
Blush again her maiden charms.

II.

The clear moon from her western tower
Soft silvers o'er the silent bower,
And night's sweet warbler to the gale,
Pours lonelily her plaintive wail.
The lake's deep waves, that ripple near,
Sooth with their murm'ring sighs the ear,
As o'er its surface, dark and blue,
The mute eye turns its pensive view,
And sees beneath its placid face,
Reflected forth with softer grace.
The sky all dappled o'er, and fair
With the light clouds, that thin as air
Show the half-hidden blue and light,
Silvering the sable veil of night.
No circling mist disturbs the scene,
No wand'ring breeze the deep serene,—

The willows drooping seem to rest,
On its still, pure, and peaceful breast;
And the imbosoming shades around,
In darker woven curtain bound,
Spread round the margin's mossy green,
Deepens the bosom-lulling scene.
Oh! 'tis a witching hour when love
Through maze of wildest thought will rove,
As bound in speechless extasy,
The bosom's sob, the heart's big sigh,
Burst in a soft delicious agony.

III.

Like forms entranced by wizard's wand,
On some enchanted isle, they stand.
Not a breathing breaks the breathless scene,
But a still tear falls on the sward of green,
And their eyes are wet, as buds of flower
Bathed in the summer's silent shower.

O Minstrel, fatal was the hour,
When first among the tuneful throng,
In lovely Isabel's lone bower,
Thou tun'dst thy harp to melting song!
O Minstrel, fatal was the eve,
When first in nameless pleasure bound,
Thou sawest her rosy chaplets weave
To twine thy simple harp around!
O Minstrel, fatal was the eve
Thou tunedst the lay the heart loves best,
And saw the quick and snowy heave
That kissed the dove upon her breast!
Yet fatal more, O Minstrel, is
This silent calm, this pensive scene;
Yet fatal more such eve as this,
Than all the beauty of the green.

IV.

Beauteously falls the moon-beam bright
Upon the little skiff so light,

That sleeps upon the mirror lake,
As on the wind the snowy flake ;
And fair it looks, as evening mist
By the bright purpling sun-beam kist,
Floating along the ether blue,
Till it melt in pure embalming dew.

No more upon the shore they bide,
The skiff is on the silver tide,—
Swift as a sun-beam on it flies,
Swiftly his oar the rower plies ;
The moon-light lake is all in motion,
Like silver waves of fairy ocean ;
The shadows of the mirror'd trees
Wave as if moved by rising breeze,
And all the lonely scene doth seem
As waking from enchanted dream.
Quick darts it o'er the rippled flood,
And gains the inlet of the wood ;

The dark brown shade, that spreads above,
Is spread o'er Isabel and o'er her Minstrel love.

V.

So fair the scene in that fairy bower,
But not so fair round yonder tower,
Doth the shade of the night cloud lower;
But once it had as sweet a grot
As sweet as that enchanting spot;—
And once beneath its bowery shade
Tuned the soft lute as soft a maid;
But the wild eglantine that twined
Its shade with woodbine flowers combined,
Is drooping sad its blossoms dead,
That the soft balm of fragrance shed.
The pebbly fount that rippled near
In waves as glassy crystal clear,
Tossing their silver foam so high
They washed the briar-rose drooping nigh.

Now scarce can find a rugged way
O'er many a mass of ruin grey.
The widowed dove shall there no more
With love-lorn plaint her mate deplore,
But one more pure more lone than she
Weeps there her woes more plaintively.

Like a pale soft cloud of loveliness
When the beam of beauty on it press,
So thin that evening's darkening blue
Is seen its silky softness through,—
So light that if a sigh should stray,
'Twould fade in air and die away.
By the lone bower a pale form stands,
Mute fixed its eye and clasped its hands,—
Slowly it moves away—no sound
Falls from the step upon the ground;—
Noiseless it moves as o'er the stream
Falls the last light of evening's beam.

VI.

Hark—hearest thou not that shriek of pain?
Again—and again—and again—
It comes as if a deathful strife
In some dark soul had withered life.
Hark—heardst thou not that dying groan
Which sunk among the ruins lone?
Upon the listening ear it fell
As the echo of a midnight bell,
When through the cloisters' ghostly gloom
The pale lamp gleams by opened tomb.
Again 'tis still, but yet the sound
Seems floating on the air around,
And the soul listening thinks it hear
Strange converse through the vaults of fear,
In whispers low, and strange, and drear.

The pale moon through the mouldered wall,
Pours a soft stream along the hall;

Brightly it looks, but sadly bright,
Such ruins 'neath such lovely light,
So hushed like that lone pile it seems
Where beauty wasted years in dreams.

VII.

Is yon the moon-ray soft and light,
Or a pale phantom of the night?
It moves not, but within its eye
Seems the pure light of heaven to lie,
And fixed upon a form of death,
It seems as if it thought its light,
Could breathe the bosom-living breath,
And fade the gloom of spreading night.
Not a sigh is there but o'er its face
Thought silent seems to roll,
And a soft light with nameless grace
Looks beaming from the soul,
For a moment a light glow thou might'st trace ;

But as pale as the blushing red rose throws
On the lilied flower that by it blows.

Lived it because yon waking eye
Unclosed, because that heaving breast
Swell'd with a momentary sigh,
Then sunk again to lifeless rest?
Mantled it o'er its shadowy cheek,
Because that throb of anguish came,
And as the big sigh strove to break,
It melted in a whispered name?
Once more the dark-clad bosom sighs,
The wailings of a heart forlorn,—
Wildly wander those opening eyes,
But the vision of the night is gone.

Upon the cheek there is no tear,
But dark despair and quivering fear;
No dew of faintness on the brow,
But the hot flame of phrenzy's glow;

No voice of wailing round is shed,
But mutterings choked with deathly dread.
Oh! why upon such passion'd breast
Doth the holy sign of heaven rest?
Why doth that peaceful garb o'erspread,
In lowly guise such phrenzied head?
More meet the dagger bathed in blood,
Than the cross of holiness,—
More meet for him than pilgrim's hood,
The murderer's mask, the bandit's dress;
Yet calm and holy looked that face,
When last the moon in pensive grace
Slept o'er the ruins—bent above,
His eye beam'd calm as heaven's love;—
His soul with sweetest peace seemed blest,
As 'neath the silent tow'rs he pressed.
For many a year o'er land and main
In sorrow, anguish, toil and pain,
Seem'd he t' have sped his pilgrimage
To win soft peace for wither'd age;

To win the calm more sweet than heaven,
The calm of anguished heart forgiven.

From the low earth he starts—his eye
Gazes around, as fearfully,
As one just woke from midnight dream,
Where spectre visions wildly gleam;
But no spectered form is there—the night,
Bathed in a flood of silver light,
Looks lovely, pure, and sweet, and calm,
As morning bathed in dewy balm.
For a moment in stony peace he stands,—
Now o'er his brow his burning hands
Are drawn with wild convulsive start,
As if the blasted life would part.
For a moment he droops—his silent breast
Seems sunk in sleep and deathly rest;
Now quicker it heaves and swells again
Than the wintered billows of the main,—

And quicker he flies from the moon-light hall
Than those wintered billows rise and fall.

VIII.

All sweetly calm the lonely dell
Listeneth to the torrent's swell,
Blending its music loud and wild
With lone Lucinia's warblings mild.
Softly bend the weeping flowers
Through nature's fairy woven bowers,
And a fair stream of silver sheen
Bursts scattered through the woody green.
In such sweet wild, in such sweet cell,
The elves of midnight love to dwell,
'Neath such still shade in such calm hour,
To dance around their Lady's bower,
Weaving their mantles fair and gay
Of bright Lucina's silvery ray.
So wild and still the rock-bound glen,
All shielded from the world of men;

So wild and still pale sorrow here,
Unseen, unknown may weep her tear;
Love shield another Psyche's charms,
Imparadised within his arms;
And Fancy tune her woodland shell,
More calm than 'neath Pierian cell.
Down yonder rocky fearful way,
Yet lonely wandering, onward stray
Two forms, like vapoury shadows pale
Moved gently by the flitting gale;
Now hid by crags high pil'd above
In wizard guise, unseen they move,
Now full beneath the streamy light,
They burst upon the inquiring sight;
And their love-moulded forms may tell,
'Tis the Minstrel and his Isabel.

Faint droops that lovely maiden form,
As the first primrose neath the storm;

But Love's fond throbing breast is there,
What couch so soft for heart of care?
Around her fondly twines his arms,
What veil so fair for maiden's charms?
Soft drop his bright tears at her feet,
What fragrant odours half so sweet?
Oh, watch the slaves of royalty,
Watchfully as the lover's eye!

Leave they the rocky barrier rude,
Gain they the glen's sweet solitude,—
On silky grass, 'neath fairy shade,
Their youthful hearts in peace are laid;
The while the gale of midnight sheds
Delicious fragrance o'er their heads.
For fair beneath that shade they rest,
In love and loveliness address'd,
As looked that happy pair of yore,
So famed in classic warbled lore;

When over Patmos' towering hill,
Brightening beneath the witching still,
The queen of evening's lucid star
Forsook her twilight-woven car,
To woo that shepherd youth, whose eye
Had wooed her in the azure sky.

IX.

Hark! through the silent pensive hush,
Trill the first matins of the thrush,
All like the lute of Isabel,
The wild notes melt along the dell.
From his sweet flower strown grassy bed,
The waking Minstrel lifts his head,
Wild throbs his heart, with wildest bliss,
Oh e'er throbbed minstrel's heart as his,
While o'er the form that slumbers by,
He turns his joy-illumined eye.
Spotless and lovely lies she there,
As her the first and lovliest fair,

When at his lonely waking hour,
'Neath Eden's rosy curtained bower,
The hermit of green paradise
Saw life's best bliss before his eyes.
Mute rests his gaze upon the grace
Of pensive peace, that o'er her face
Sheds the soft charm which veils the brow
Of angel soothing heart of woe.
So calm, and still, and sweetly pale
She looks—the while the morning gale
Gathereth, as it wantons o'er
Sweets to increase the violets' store ;
Or balm the dewy tears that fall
From the bright maids in Flora's hall.
But softly from her beaming eyes
The silken veil of slumber dies,
And shows all bathed in sweet delight,
The soft blue melting eye of light,
That on the Minstrel sweetly beams,
As angel vision of our dreams.

X.

In every rude and rocky wild,
Nature provides for nature's child,
Through many a shade they stray all fill'd,
With sweets from woodland urn distill'd.
Imbalmed in dew, with freshened glow,
They pluck the fairest fruits that grow;
While on a carpet smooth they lie,
Smoother than one of Tyrian dye,—
And shaded by as fair a dome,
As e'er was decked by Persian loom;—
Then seek the bow'ry curtain'd cell,
Where the glen's Minstrel loves to dwell.

XI.

In the loneliest wild'rings of the wild,
Dark rocks, fantastically piled,
Rear their rude forms, all green and gay
With the light lichens leafy play.
Beneath an ivy-circled cleft,
By the Genius of the wilding reft,

Opens into a twilight cell,
Where Sylvan once perchance might dwell,
Or fainting wood-nymphs cooly rest
After the chase, to loose their vest.
Beside the still romantic cave
Bursts into light the fountain wave,
That rolls with a perennial flow
Into the little vale below;
And swelling on with silvery course,
Bursts yonder in the torrent's force.
Calm, and still, and sweetly wild,
As ever nurstled Sorrow's child,
Beneath those rocks so rough and rude,
Is the calm sylvan solitude.
In such lone grot, in times of eld,
When Innocence the bosom held,
And Pan and Dian's buskin'd maids
Dwelt chastely 'mong the forest shades,
Coy lonely Echo, never mute,
Would list the horn, would list the flute,

And imitate so oft the strain,
That it swelled back as sweet again;
And when the chase-delighting queen
Bounded along the dewy green,
Would mock with gay contempt the shout,
That mellowed from their gladsome rout,
As if she loved no joys but those,
Of such fair Solitude's repose.

Beneath such grot, the maiden wild,
Sweet Fancy, nursed her favourite child,
Taught him to tune her own soft string,
And her own melodies to sing;
Led him along, in moonlight hour,
Through fairy's land and fairy's bower;
And with a wreath, his blooming front would shade,
That never in the stream of Time might fade.

END OF CANTO II.

THE

Minstrel of the Glen.

CANTO III.

THE

MINSTREL OF THE GLEN.

Canto iii.

I.

SAY, smiles the waking morning fair?
Ask yonder wither'd form,
That, starting from his couch of care,
Looks like the wretch, who 'scaped the storm,
Still seems the beating surge to hear.
Well may he look that wretch of woe,
Well may he curse the morning's light,
Well may he strike his burning brow

Maddened with phantoms of the night,
And the wild pang that blasts him now.
Despair thy form is dark as night,
And well thy smile each bud can blight
That decks the tree of life;
Yet is thy bosom blasting reign,
Thy soul-benumbing, sleepy pain,
Far better than the burning strife
Of half expiring hope—the hate
Of life, which swells the heart,
When dark Remorse and blackening Fate,
From a bright cloud of pleasure start,
Doubting to stay or to depart.

II.

Full fairly shines the brightning morn
O'er the towers and o'er the lawn,
But not a minstrel tunes his lay
To cheer the long-wished festal day;

Nor is there seen one maiden gay
To strew with summer flowers the way.
Lord Ronald! clouded is the morn;
Her rosy visions all are flown,
Which made thee count her virgin smile,
And lose thy gloomy mood awhile!
Lord Ronald! shaded is the light
That beamed awhile upon thy night,
And the long-lost wish could give,
Long lost to thee, the wish to live.

Oh, say! was that a tear which fell?
Would that it were, 't would cool the hell
Which burns within thee.—Morning's ray
Thus beam'd upon that distant day,
Doomed for to bless, in purest ties,
A lovely one of tears and sighs;
When o'er the sacred altar's stone,
The taper flame already shone;

And holy man, like heaven's dove,
Stood there to sanctify her love.
Gleams not in blood thy villain scroll
That made man deem less pure her soul,
And instant clothe those lovely views,
In the night's dark mysterious hues?
Bursts not thy heart, as wildly stray
The visions of that anguished day,
When she thy soul lov'd, lov'd too well,
Beneath thy love-born hatred fell?
Hear'st! hear'st thou not her thrilling cry?
See'st! see'st thou not the phrenzied eye
Of him, once deemed thy bosom-friend;
When the fair soul, he thought to blend
With his, all pure as heaven's light,
Seemed darker than the murkiest night?
Hear'st! hear'st thou not that bursting shriek
Which seem'd her wither'd heart to break,
As he she lov'd, as he to whom
She gave her soul—her virgin bloom,

Spurned her in dark contempt away,
And curs'd her love, and curs'd the day?
Hear'st! hear'st thou not the deadly sigh?
See'st! see'st thou not that agony
Which swell'd his heart, when 'mong the gay
Thou bad'st the minstrel tune the lay,
Which thou in darkest malice framed'st,
The while, in whispers low, thou named'st
Her the lov'd lost-one of his breast,
As well thy dark smile told the rest?

III.

With hasty strides and heavings strong,
Passion'd Lord Ronald moves along;
Then stops, and wildly turns him round,
Drinking with anxious ear each sound;
For many a whisper, in the gale,
Tells forth a dark mysterious tale.
They saw, at evenings latest hour,
The stranger Minstrel by the bower

Of Isabel; and oft they'd seen
That wandering youth, upon the green,
Gaze on her, while his heart did sigh,
And wet and glistening seem'd his eye.
She too, whene'er the minstrel band
Waited some fair gift at her hand,
To him for ever gave the prize
With blushing cheek and melting eyes.
Beside, though gently Ronald wooed,
Love seemed not for his gloomy mood;
And as her cheering maidens strove,
To wake the gentle sigh of love,
And hail'd with smiles the bridal day,
Mutely and pale she'd turn away,
Hushing the bosom-gladsome throng,
To tune some melancholy song.

High in his azure-woven car,
Beameth the beauty-breathing star;

And in their calm Lethean bowers,
Melt in light the sleepy hours.
Full many a page, with moistened brow,
Sinks fainting 'neath the noontide glow;
But yet where wanders Isabel,
No eye hath seen, no tongue can tell;
Though they have sought her through each vale,
Each vale, where sings the nightingale,
And through each solitude where, lone,
The cushat dove makes pensive moan,
Through each lone wild she lov'd to tread,
When evenings latest beam was shed,
And o'er each hill, where'er her lute
Woke in her cave the maiden mute.

IV.

Fast fades the shadowy light of day,
Yet stays the much-sought maid away.
More quickly beats Lord Wildred's heart,
More quick his sighs of anguish start,—

Slow comes each page, but small avail
To calm his woe their varying tale,
Striving in vain, with tortur'd mind,
The half-discover'd truth to find.
But yet not all their search have done;
Unheard, behind, yet lingers one;
And hope, yet lingering, sighs to hear
Him, ere she leave the bosom drear.

As beats the heart as burns the breast
Of Moorland maid, when tempest prest
Shakes her low roof, and wakes the cry
Of her loved infant slumbering by,
The while all mute and sadly pale,
Starting she lists the deep'ning gale,
And deems its sad and pensive sighs,
Her wandering lover's distant cries;
Or the snow, wildly drifting round,
His footsteps near her cottage bound;

So beats his heart, so burns his breast,
As sighs the croud around him prest.
At length, quick bounding through the throng,
Rushes the wish'd for youth along,
High swell'd his breast and flush'd his cheek,
Struggling in vain he strives to speak,
His words, in sobs convulsive, die,
Yet beams expressively his eye,
That speaks in eagerness full well,
The tale his lips refuse to tell.
Know'st thou of Isabel? they cry;
Awhile he rests, then bending nigh
Lord Wildred's ear, thus tells his tale,

V.

" Well may the house of Wildred wail!
Well may lord Wildred droop his head,
Well may he mourn his glory fled,
And the grey drooping harper sigh,
Ceasing his tuneful minstrelsy.

Well, well may Wildred's maidens mourn,
And weep their laughing pleasures gone,
When Wildred's heiress breaks her truth,
To wander with a Minstrel youth.
Ere the pale moonlight died away
Into the brighter light of day,
That slumbering on the cloud of night,
Beamed not—yet look'd all softly bright,
Wandering on in toil and pain,
And maddened that my toil was vain,
By the huge crags, which darkly piled
Surround that lone and silent wild,
The aged minstrel loved to call
The wizard's wild, or fairy's hall;
The whispers of an unseen tongue,
Murm'ring the rocky cliffs among,
Fell on my ear—awhile I lay
Couch'd lowly, like the hunted prey;
And, sad my bosom is to tell,
I heard it name sweet Isabel,

Down the steep path I saw them wend,
I saw her on his bosom bend,
And wish'd I oft in sooth to throw
That stripling from the rocky brow ;
Whom now beneath the moonlight sheen,
I saw with harp and mantle green,
And knew to be that vagrant young
Who often, in these halls, hath sung,
And fir'd our minstrel's jealous eye,
And swell'd his angry bosom high ;
Because whene'er he tuned his strain,
He ne'er in sooth one smile could gain.
I saw them leave the rocks, and stray
Into the lonely shades away;
And listened till their voice, no more
Broke the calm stillness of the hour,
Then hied me back my tale to tell,
And weep for lady Isabel.

VI.

Not a word Lord Wildred speaks, his eye
Flashes all red and frantickly;
And forth he starts like phrenzied soul,
Bursting a phantom fiend's control.
Ronald too wildly strikes his breast,
Whence the dark pang seems life to wrest,
And laughs with maniac joy—his hand
Clenching, as if he held some brand,
Whose flame, as wild as his heart's strife,
Might blast at once creation's life;
Then bounds, as fill'd with dark intent,
Whither Lord Wildred's steps are bent.

VII.

The shades of evening, fair and mild,
Fall gently o'er the rocky wild,
And nature seems, in slumbers calm,
To breathe o'er all a soothing balm.

Slow wending on his pilgrimage,
Wanders that low bent man of age,
Who wept by Cuthbert's mouldering walls,
And phrenzied in its silent halls.
No phrenzied starts now tear his form,
No maniac's wild impassion'd storm;
But o'er his face is spread the gloom,
The night of melancholy's tomb,
Which hears no sound—no form that views,
Save anguish'd sighs and death's dark hues.
Well may he seek the lonely wild,
'Twas there his softest pleasures smil'd,—
'Twas there when peace his soul possess'd,
To sweetest visions throb'd his breast.
Onward he strays, nor moves his eye
To shun the deep crags shelving by,
Silently wandering down the height,
As a dark lone shadow of the night.
And views no eye his silent way?
Yes; as on darkness, waking day

Shedding a gleam before it fade,
Strays on his path a silent shade,
Moving unseen, unheard along,
Softly as melts a distant song,
Or the calm evening's latest beam
On the still waters of a stream.

VIII.

All pure and innocent as they
Who dwelt in Eden's bow'ry shade,
In purity and beauty stray,
The Minstrel and his fairy maid.
Oh, calm and joyous are their souls,
As the still waves the zephyrs kiss,
And fair the hope, that o'er them rolls,
As the loved thought of heaven's bliss.
And can her soul in pleasure rest?
Doth no wild sigh disturb her breast?
Awhile her thoughts all sadly roam
Upon her loved deserted home?

Say, can her heart to pleasure throb
Without a sad repentant sob,
The while she turns around her eye
And views no form—no dwelling nigh,
Save the lone Minstrel of the wild,
And the dark rocks around her piled ?
Oh, yes ; for calm the breast may swell
With joy, where innocency dwell,
When love imparadise the soul,
Too pure to blend by man's control.
Oh, yes ; the heart may gladly throb
Without one sad repentant sob,
When to affection yields it more
Than to the bond of earthly power ;
And though the lonely solitude
Be dark and drear and wildly rude,
If Love's sweet vision'd soul be there,
Not Eden's self were half so fair.
Fondly they stray, and many a flower
Cull they, to deck their little bower,

All gladdened with the sweet employ,
Their souls of love, their hearts of joy;
Then sing beneath the shade a lay
Pensively sweet, or wildly gay,
Unseen by all, save him above
Who well they deem will bless their love.
So calm their souls their pleasures seem,
As Summer evenings' bosom dream.
And is that trance so lovely broke,
Or has some rising feeling woke
To bid their pensive pleasure cease,
And mar their sweetly-soothing peace?
Else why so wildly doth he start,
Or beats so quick her maiden heart?
Why clings she nearer to his breast,
And pale and sobbing on it rest?
Through the still shade's embowering green
A step his heard, a form is seen,
Yet so quickly fading from the view,
So lightly pressing on the dew,

It seem as if no form were there,
Save Fancy's vision of the air,

IX.

From the fair shade in silent dread
They stray with noiseless, hurried tread,
Till yonder, where the flowerets bloom
Now mantleth o'er the silent tomb,
They view the man of pensive mood,
Low bending o'er the fountain flood.
Unmoved his eye, and still his breast,
Where life for ever seems to rest;
His thought is wandering like the tide,
That as the fading years doth onward glide.

Silent he turns; but yet the light
Looks not to beam upon his sight,—
Still seems his soul afar to stray
Through distant climes, or distant day.

Silent he turns ; but yet his eye
Seems not to view them bending nigh,
But mutely sleeps, with vacant gaze,
Upon the Minstrel's face, where strays,
Now fearful paleness—icy dew,
Now the hot glow and fever'd hue.

X.

As starts the soul, in deepest night,
Woke by the tempests' vivid light,
From Slumber's deep and deathly calm,
With the big throb of wild alarm,
Waketh he from his trance of dread,
Fadeth the night-veil o'er him spread,—
Throbbeth his heart in mute amaze,
As meets his eye the Minstrel's gaze ;
Blending with his, as night and day,
Did blend the shade and silver ray.
Pensive and still they stand—big tears
Full many weeps that man of years,

But sweet and peacefully they roll,
As heaven's balm upon the soul,
And through their bosom-fountain'd stream
Mournfully calm, his eye doth beam,
Beams as the eye where anguish wild
Melts in the sigh of pity mild.
Yes; softly weeps that man of years,
And softly flow the Minstrel's tears
As his,—yet all unknowing why,
So flow his tears,—so swells his sigh.
By the fair stream's translucent breast,
On flower enamell'd couch they rest,
All loth to leave that pensive spot,
E'en for their peaceful sylvan grot,
As if those tears, like chains, had bound
Their sympathizing hearts around.

O Sympathy! sweet bosom friend!
With thee grief melts in bliss;

The joys of heaven's existence blend
In all the sighs of this.
Friendship may lull the gay of mind
In Folly's careless dream,
But firmer far her band will bind,
Bathed in Affliction's stream.
Fortune may flush in joyance wild,
Her heart may wilder beat,
But the lone cot, where ne'er she smil'd,
Can tribute joys more sweet.
Unknown to her the speechless bliss
Thy power alone imparts,
When Love's affection's glowing kiss
Dries every tear that starts.
For good to every state below,
Hath given the power above,—
To Fortune, Pleasure's brighter glow,
To Sorrow, Sympathy and Love.

All calmly, lulled in peace, they rest,
As if by happy slumbers blest;
The Minstrel's eyes on Isabel,
The pilgrim's on the Minstrel dwell.
Pensive the pilgrim's form and mein,
Like hermit of the lonely scene;
Gayly serene the pitying fair,
Like two twin angels of the air.
Far wandered from their fairy bower,
To sooth his latest mortal hour,
Or tune some sweet still melody,
To bless his bosom ere he dye.

XI.

The moon shines brightly o'er the stream
Soft rippled by the kissing gale,
So fair and bright thou well mighst deem
The day-light glimmered through a veil.
Hush'd is each sound, save slumber's sigh
That murmurs round the world so still,

The eve's soft whisper ere it die,
Like fancied echoes from a hill.
Calm, still, and bright creation sleeps
In loveliness most fair,
O'er many a budding floweret weeps
The midnight angels of the air;
Yet rest in peaceful silence there
The pilgrim and the youthful pair,
Nor wander they adown the dell
To list the torrent's mourning swell,
But in calm musings, sweet and still,
Linger beside the little rill;
Each bosom growing as the scene,
Beguiled of sorrow and serene,
As if the still and deepen'd calm
Could hush each earthly dark alarm;
As the sweet song of melody
Can hush the bosom's rising sigh,
And evening's music, soft and sweet,
Bid passioned heart less wildly beat.

Full oft upon the morning blush,
The blush of virgin gladness,
A pale white cloud of mist will rush
And veil that smile in sadness.
Full oft upon the zephyrs' breast
In peace and beauty flowing,
The tempest nursing cloud will rest
In angry slumbers glowing.
As bounds in tangled forest way
The famished tiger on its prey,
As flies the ball revenge inspires,
As dart through night the tempest fires,
From the still thicket's curtaining shade
Bursts Ronald's form in hate arrayed.
He speaks not, but more red his eye,
More clench'd his hand, his breast more high,
Seems bursting with the biggen'd hell,
Too big within that breast to dwell.
His dagger blade hath left its rest,
Graspeth his hand the Minstrel's breast.

Laugheth in rage his phrenzied eye,
Drinketh it blood? why dims it? why!

As melteth through the still blue heaven
The softened light of summer even ;
As steals a stream, unheard, unseen,
Silently from the forest green,
Beameth before their startled sight
A shadowy form, as ether light,
Silently stretch'd its ghostly hand
Like vapour by the breezes fan'd,
Bent its fix'd eye on Ronald's form
That darkens, as a cloud of storm
More gloomy looks, more fearful seems
Beneath the breaking lightsome beams.
Stone-like his withered frame appears,
That yet the maniac's wildness wears ;
Marbled his face—yet on it dwells
Each mark the inward pang that tells,

As if in phrenzy's wildest mood
Enchanter's wand had froze his blood.

XII.

Is it the distant water's fall,
Tumbling along its rocky wall,
That, rattling through the silent wild,
Breaketh the peace of evening mild?
Is it the gale with sudden swell,
Loud rushing through the lonely dell,
Or some rude fragment of the rock,
That, loosen'd by the tempest's shock,
Throweth full many a sound of fear
Pealing upon the listening ear?

Hark! like the mountain smothered wind,
Bursts the wild cry of troubled mind,
Striving afar to flee away
From light of thought, from light of day.

To seek the cave where memory's power
Shall pang the nighted soul no more.
Gone like a phantom of the night,
No more lord Ronald blots the light.

XIII.

If e'er thou have on summer's gentlest eve,
Ere the light died away,
View'd the fair forms the light winged zephyrs weave
With the pale clouds of grey;
Well do I ween thy soul hath noted oft
Two wreaths of beauty blend in one,
A moment blent in unison most soft
But as that moment gone,
Melting all from thy view
Into the heavens' pure blue.

Beside the little fountain stream,
Yet lovely 'neath the midnight beam,

Three forms are bending low;
Full many a big tear by the wave,
Deweth two heart-rent mortals' grave
With its embalming flow: —
Full many a big tear by the wave
Balmeth two lost — long lost ones' grave
With its soft dew of sadness;
But many a sweet tear with it rolls,
Blending three pure, united souls
In peace and pensive gladness,
Bidding love's flow'ret's fairest bloom
In beauty deck pale sorrow's tomb.

XIV.

In loveliness full oft the night
Hath worn her magic vest of light ;
In lowliness full oft the flowers
Have nurstled midnight's dewy hours ;
Yet ever by that fountain's side,
In pensiveness, at even tide,

More plaintively the nightingale
Tells her soft woe in melting wail;
And in that plaint will mingle oft
Notes as sweet, as sad, as soft,
While wander through the twilight dell
The Minstrel and his Isabel.

No more in Cuthbert's halls of grey
Is heard the weened spirit's lay,
Nor the low drooping pilgrim seen
Wandering beneath the moonlight's sheen.
No more in Wildred's hall or bower
The minstrel fears his lordly power;
Or of heart-fancied sweets doth tell
With his wild harp to Isabel,
As secretly beneath the shade
He leads his bosom-treasur'd maid;
But freely 'neath their sylvan cell,
Doth tune his harp to fancy's shell;

Save when he wakes to her the lays
Which tell the sighs of other days, —
And by the little fountain's wave
Weeps pensively upon the grave,
Where, hushed by anguish, calmly rest
The forms the orphaned heart loves best;
Or weaves the fairest flowers that grow
To wreath his Isabel's sweet brow,
As 'neath their cell of peace they lie,
Or, curtain'd by the evening sky,
Watch the pure glow that gems the blue
Like violets spread with drops of dew,
Which morning's rosy-pillow'd sun
In his young beauty looks upon.
Love's bosom'd smile, warm fancy's glow,
The brightest flowers that bloom below,
Tribute sweet joys as heart may ken,
To bless the Minstrel of the Glen.

Thus in the evening's sinking gale
Sang the grey harper of the vale,
While rested we beneath the dell,
Where sleep the youth and Isabel.

END OF CANTO III.

CONCLUSION.

STRANGER! the wandering moon is gone,
The pale soft light of eve is flown,
Broke is the charm which bade to roll
Soft memory's visions o'er the soul.
Well shall I prize my simple lay,
If, when thou wander far away,
Thy heart may breathe one sigh for me,
One moment swell in sympathy.
Oft shall the thought that thou mayst smile,
Full many a joyless hour beguile;
Oft shall my bosom love to swell,
As hope, though vain perchance, may dwell
Upon the thought that not in vain
Hath flowed for one my evening strain;

Upon the thought, that though my lays
In truth be little worth thy praise,
Yet that thou'lt not despise the heart
Which strove its best joys to impart,
Nor all too harshly blame the strain
Which strove thy soul to cheer, thy cheering smile
to gain.

END OF THE MINSTREL OF THE GLEN.

THE

Wanderers.

THE

WANDERERS.

O'ER Mona's hills dark Autumn's day
Its last faint lustre sadly sheds;
O'er the brown moss th' expiring ray
The twilight-veil of Evening spreads.

Drear and more drear the mountains grow,—
Dark clouds the pillow'd tempests bear,—
Deep murm'ring round the hoarse winds blow,
And wing the dun night o'er the air.

No peasant's cot of peace is near, —
No kindly-cheering mirthful hearth;
And darkly comes a night of fear,
To all that tread the mountain path.

Say, where shall yonder Wand'rers rest,
To shield them from the coming storm, —
Who there shall guard that virgin breast,
Or friendly stay yon aged form?

Ah, none! for friendship long has fled,
And ceas'd to sooth misfortune's smart,
Long has it ceas'd its balm to shed,
For throbbing breast, or bleeding heart.

And long has pass'd the happy day,
When joy and peace those Wand'rers knew,
And lov'd to list the minstrel lay,
As griefs unknown to them it drew.

Pale age, and grief, and saddest woe,
Have long her father's bosom fill'd;
And Ellen's heart, that once could glow,
Misfortune's icy hand hath chill'd.

Yet will she often sweetly smile,
And tell that sorrow soon may cease;
And though her bosom bleed the while,
Talk of another day of peace: —

Oft too the sudden sigh will start,
And crimson o'er her glowing cheek;
The thought which swells her throbbing heart,
The mutely falling tear must speak.

She sighs for Edwy — fondest sigh
That e'er from virgin's bosom fled;
She weeps for Edwy — softest tear
That ever eye of maiden shed.

In rosy band, when life was young,
Sweet love had bound her youthful heart;
And though her bosom grief have stung,
That tie it may not, cannot part.

Fond mem'ry too will tell the hour
When fortune smil'd and all was gay;
Her peaceful cot, her green-wood bower,
And Edwy's vow at parting day.

But they are gone, and Edwy too
Has sought the plains where battles bleed;
And long has bade the vale adieu,
Where once he tun'd the peasant's reed.

'Twas not he lov'd that wand'ring life —
'Twas not he wildly lov'd to roam —
'Twas not he lov'd the bloody strife —
'Twas sorrow drove him far from home.

Dark grows the night and far from rest,
In vain they seek the friendly bourn;
That spot must bear her father's breast;
That wild must hear her wildest moan.

Weary in vain her feeble arm
Strives the last steps of age to stay;
Vain are the words which once could charm
With softest balm each grief away.

Still fainter droops her aged sire,
Still slower beats his dying heart;
Death smothers life's expiring fire,
And bids the prison'd soul to part.

Another throb, a moment yet, —
A moment must he bear the strife;
Then will he every grief forget,
And calm death balm the wounds of life.

A few more steps he trembles on,—
Palsied he bends his aged head;
He sinks—the wilder'd thought is gone,—
He falls, and all the life is fled.

Oh, yes! 'tis fled, and mildly now
Sweet sleep has clos'd his weeping eye;
And calmly placid is his brow,
And still is every anguish'd sigh.

But thou, sad Ellen! may'st not rest,
Nor yet life's saddest sorrows flee;
Still grief must pang thy throbbing breast,
And steel a sharper barb for thee.

Faint and sad the life will languish
When from every sweet we rove;
Wild's the throb, and wild's the anguish.
When we leave the home we love,

But drearer is the loneliness,—
A sadder tear will dew the eye,
When o'er the all that once could bless
We bend to hear the parting sigh.

Life's tender flower, though bent awhile,
And pale 'neath sorrow's winter gloom,
Hope's beamy ray may bid to smile,
And fair as flower of bliss to bloom.

But where the shade of death has spread,
No beam may cheer our lonely way;
Each joy—each wish—each sweet is fled,
'Till come *that other better day*.

Anguish'd she shrieks—dark sorrow's child!
That pang o'er thought the night hath spread;
She bends—his cheek she kisses wild,
And gently stays his winter'd head.

" Oh, sleep not yet, 'tis dark and drear!
" Hark! the storm comes! thou may'st not rest!
" Oh! leave not Ellen lonely here,
" Thou'lt softer slumber on my breast!"

Wild are her sighs along the air, —
Wild, wild she looks across the heath;
And now her eye speaks pale despair,
Now stays it still and mute as death.

And now she starts, and round him binds
The kerchief from her burning breast,
And chides the loudly warring winds,
Lest they should spoil his peaceful rest.

Through the drear night of wildest storm
She sits—still fixed her sleepless eyes
O'er the calm'd visage of that form,
Which on her bosom lifeless lies.

So lone—so mute—so pale—so fair—
  Like marbled image 'lorn she sits,
Save when the rude wind stirs her hair,
  As round it sadly sighing flits.

Morn gleams—the winter pinion'd light
  Peeps faintly o'er the mountain's grey,
And from the circling arms of night
  Awakes the beamy-vested day.

O'er the shade chequer'd hills afar,
  Where the first beams with darkness play,
Some lonely straggler from the war,
  Winds o'er the mountain-path his way.

He comes—the tear is on his cheek,
  As if on other scenes he thought;
And his slow step and sigh bespeak
  That peace for him no sweet have brought.

He comes! who comes? oh, Ellen! say,
Why sleeps so motionless thy eye?
It would not so in other day
Have slumber'd when that step was nigh!

'Tis Edwy! come to view once more
The scenes that saw thine happiness:
'Tis Edwy! him whom you adore!
'Tis Edwy! him you once could bless.

He comes; in wild astonishment
He starts—chill'd stops the life's blood warm!
His heart beats not—his eye is bent,
Fix'd as in death upon her form.

Life sleeps! no sound—no tear—no sigh
Escapes grief's adamantine chain:
It wakes—and hark! the maniac cry
Tells that 'tis woke to endless pain.

Swift as the ocean's breezy wind
He flies, where sadly still they rest;
Around her neck his arms are twin'd—
His head is on his Ellen's breast.

Hush! that touch the spell has broke
That kindly still'd the pangs of life,—
That look, that sigh, that voice has woke
Again the bosom's deadly strife.

She gazes on him; struggling thought
Returns—convulsive sobbings rise;
She starts, her eye his eye has caught,—
She shrieks,—on Edwy's breast she dies.

THE

Pleasures of Contemplation.

THE

PLEASURES OF CONTEMPLATION.

Soother of woe-torn hearts! to thee my strain
Awhile, though simple and untaught, I turn.
Fain would I snatch the fairest flow'ret from
The wild wreath, that entwines about my lyre,
To circle the calm front of thee, so long
My bosom's solace, and my heart's best friend.
To thee I owe each beam of sunshine that
Illumines my lone way; and though fair hope
Hath almost withered from my eye, yet thou
Still tribut'st joy, a constant bosom friend.

Oh! who, when resting on some darkling height
Where the wild eagle nestleth, hath not felt,
As his mute eye he turned where the red sun
In silent, awful majesty sank low,
His wandering soul, forsaking the dark world,
Straying the seas of deep eternity,
Till midst its noiseless, depthless waves arise
Islands of bliss, where stays it all among
The visions of the heart, melting in love and bliss.
Say! gives the earth, can fortune's blazon'd dome
Give but one moment's pleasure that can vie
With the sweet trance of evening's musive hour?

The sun is gone,— and not a trace is left
Where his bright chariot rode. The warm flush,
The rosy-crimson'd flush, the deep and purpled tint
That clad in melting hues the east are gone,
And a soft clear still blue, like beauty's vest,
Spreads as an ocean round the peaceful world.
Oft hath my heart beat strangely when upon

The clear waves of an evening-purpled lake
I've view'd a little skiff that beauty steered.
Now even as that and its fair pilot too,
Most beauteously in brightest loveliness,
The dewy star and its fair arbitress,
The half forsaken mother of the loves,
Glides through the ethery way.— Is there a heart
That sighs not, when in silence and in peace
It gazes on its loveliness?— Rests it
Without the thought of one that once was dear?
Without a sigh, when wandering memory paints,
Perchance a lost one of the breast, the one
Perchance that bade it first to throb, when fair
And beauteous as that rising star of evening
She stray'd adown the rosy vale of youth?
For oft in Contemplation's musive dream,
When dwells the soul upon the starry sphere,
When the eternal laws, eternity,
Space, immortality it wanders o'er,
A brighter beam, a shadowy passing cloud,

A wreath of mist will wake within the heart
A fleeting but delicious ecstasy.
Yes; while the soul strays on the journey high,
The heart's big tears will roll in sweet and soft
delight.

Fair Contemplation! 'tis not when the thought
Range all bewilder'd through eternity,
That thou do give thy softest, sweetest bliss;
But when the heart of grief or loneliness
List, as it strays with thee to other worlds,
A lay that speaks of nature's sympathy.

Say, lov'st thou only on the mountain's brow
In dreariest solitude to dwell, where
Teneriff his rugged rocks uplifts, or
Torneo opes her wizard nurstling caves?
Where Taurus spreads his tempest-scepter'd arms,
Or Andes shakes her diadem of clouds?

Say, lov'st thou only for to wander where
Pale solitude is clad in night of storms?
And must the hearts who love thee, or who tune
Their strings to warble forth thy praise, must they
For ever make thy dwelling on the shore
Of some far-distant sea, or rock-bound stream?
Must they forget, the while they sing to thee,
Their native valleys and their peaceful hills,
Their calm unruffled streams, their beechen shades,
Where memory sweetens with her vision'd dream
Thy bosom-swelling musings,—must they fly
To spots where not a single object wakes
The hearts sweet sympathy?
Beneath a shade,
Where the moon-silver'd blue is just beheld
Through the green canopy, reclin'd upon
A little fountain's mossy bank, whose wave
Unrippled sleeps in silent purity,
Thy handmaid Melancholy spreads thy couch.
There even the dew-drops, as they sink along

The thickly-tangled grass — a falling leaf —
A low-breathed zephyr'd sigh, bespeak a tale
Which, while it saddens, softly lulls the breast.
There pensive Memory, as it wanders o'er
The wild joys of our youth, weeps the still tears
Which Contemplation drys, as in her hand
She leads fair Hope, not like the flow'r-clad maid,
Whose silver'd vesture and whose chaplets gay
Lured us in younger hours, but calm and pure,
And spotless, as the peaceful dove of heaven.
But if a lonelier shade, a deeper scene,
Be more congenial to thy pensive soul,
Then let us seek, while Autumn winds the leaves
In low, deep, chilling murmers shed around,
At the dim twilight hour, the cloister'd pile,
Where through the high arch'd panes all gloomily,
The now just faded light peeps darkly through.
Then if, perchance, through the long aisles are heard,
The spade and mattock of the dead man's friend,

Hard plying his late toil,— unseen, save when
His flick'ring lamp gleams dimly thro' the porch,
Showing the scattered bones he tosses round,—
Then will the soul feel a more pensive awe,
Than tempests wake on mountain solitude.
Here then the heart, freed from th' intrusive smile
Of hope, may woo calm Contemplation's charms,
May taste her deepest pleasures, nor mistake
Fair bosom'd Fancy for her silent form.
List! heardst thou not along the silent gloom
A sigh that wakes thought sadd'ning in thy breast?
On yon lone tomb, where the damp dews of night
Look dark and sickly, for awhile we'll rest;
There will we rest, till from its silent shade
Rise the soft sounds that cheer'd our infancy;
There will we muse on the first, dearest ties,
Of nature's love; there too we'll weep again
The tears we wept long since, when our eyes traced
Age's pale wrinkles, o'er the smiling brow
Of those we lov'd, stealing all silently,

As the life's latest bloom, unnoticed
By all save fond affection, died away.
The sharp wild pang of parting now is o'er,
And though the day with all its sweets be gone,
Yet sheds its sun, though fled to other worlds,
A calm delicious light along our way.
Oh! sweet it is to muse by lonely tomb
Where rests a lov'd one of our heart, when some fresh,
Some torturing pang, the world's imbitter'd scorn,
Or the dark treachery of a bosom friend,
Wake the breast's grief; — then, Contemplation, then,
If the soul knows but how to fly to thee,
Even in its loneliness it tastes of bliss.
But neither in far distant solitudes,
In dreary wilds, or in the cloister'd pile,
Dost thou for ever dwell; nor can the sons
Of haughty science or philosophy
Boast of thy smiles alone,— Lo! where the day,

Just breaking in the distant east, uplifts
The saffron veil of morning, while she melts
In rosy blushes, lightly slumbering on
The silver-tissued clouds. Not a warbler
O'er the green hill, as yet, hath wing'd its way ;
Nor can the eye yet trace the circling scenes
Clad in the twilight's silent gloom of peace.
Yet see, where pensively the peasant swain,
Leaving his little hovel in the vale,
Rests by yon stile, o'er which the aged elm,
Once its fair canopy, now wither'd bends.
His labor calls not yet; and his lov'd pipe
Hangs by his side, but not a strain he wakes;—
The mother bird before his eye hath sought
With fluttering joy her nest, yet moves he not
To snatch the prize, which might awake a smile
On his coy nymph's fair cheek. Mutely his eye
Strays, where the parting of the beech-clad hills
Shows the soft-breaking beauty, while his lips,
Half open'd with a smile of ecstasy,

Move silently in speechless joy.—Perhaps
E'en now his bosom swells in trance as sweet
As Milton's knew, when imaged he the morn
Smiling o'er Paradise; and did his heart
But know to speak its joy, perchance he'd paint,
In speech as glowing and as picturesque,
Though not in numbers labour'd as the bard,
The beauties painted in his soul.—Even thus
Oft Contemplation, in the lonely vale,
Gives brightening moments to a life, where peace
Without her smiles would languish dull as death.
Thus too th' untutored mind, which Science ne'er,
With her bright ray illumined, learns to rise
Above the darkness of its earthly state,
Enlightened by a beam more clearly bright.
For never stray'd the soul along the path
Of Contemplation, but, more pure, it sigh'd
For the fair image of the loveliness,
Which beamed for ever on its silent way.
The soul, then leaving earth and all its cares,

For a few moments feels the ecstatic bliss,
That it shall feel, when, bursting into life,
Wilder'd in joy, it views eternity.
But fleeting are such moments, fleeting as
The hope which swells love's bosom when it sighs
In lone obscurity for beauteous form,
Which fortune clothes in visionary pride.
Could we but chain them to the laggard car
Of aching life, though Eden with her bowers
No more may smile, nor the green oaks, that now
Nurstle among their shades fast-flying war,
Distil their honied sweets, yet might earth's sons
Tune to eternal joy their melodies.
Thus morning's peaceful hour, when, save the east
All sleeps in shade, is fitted well to pay
Our vows to contemplation, or e'en when
The breathless morn, in languidness and light,
Sleeps o'er each fountain stream, and mead, and hill.
Then on some little hillock, where the shade

Of thick-set hedge row forms a curtain from
The beaming sun, 'tis sweet, in lulling rest,
To muse.—Thus, upon thy hills, fair Moushould,
Oft have I loitered, making my calm couch
On the soft moss which carpets o'er their slope,
While my eyes wandered thro' the smiling scenes,
Where Wensum, purer than the amber, flowed
Calmly and silently, save when upon
Her silver-bosom'd waves, some loitering skiff
Pass'd slowly by, while on her meadowy banks
The woody tufts look'd cooly dark—then too,
My eye hath strayed to where thy sylvan mount,
Sweet Whitlingham! uprears its verdant brow;
While through its deeply curtain'd shades low peep'd
The fair white cottage, round whose rural meads,
So oft the thickly-clustered primroses
I cull'd, in infancy, to wreath the brow,
The brow of peace-imbosomed innocence.
Or e'en when golden tressed Hesperus,
Through the still twilight bowers of lonely eve,

Guides Cynthia's silvery car—then too,
As well each bosom knows which e'er hath swell'd
From the fair dream of beauty, to the soul
Sweet Contemplation comes array'd in garb,
Fair as the bow which circled heaven's blue orb,
When from his wanderings o'er the dreary deep—
Dreary as winter'd path of life—the sire
Of nations saw, along the rising hills,
Peace-smiling loveliness—but dearer far,
Than the just breaking morn, the silent noon,
Or vesper with his fairy veil of light,
To Contemplation, is thy witching hour
Heart-lulling queen of silence, pensive night.
O, could the sons of pleasure tell how fair
Is thy calm form, when sorrow lifts thy veil,
No more they'd tremble when thou stray along
The slumbering world—blithe fortune never then
Peers on the peaceful way with haughty smile,
Nor may her gaudy beauty once awake,
Even in a simple breast, regretful sigh.

From the still world the misty-mantled eve
Withdraws, and darkness clad in gloomy pomp,
With melancholy silence, moves along.
Clouds thick and murky, scarcely sailing on
The deeply sighing winds invest the skies.
And all the world sleeps viewless, chaos like.
Now then, forsake awhile thy midnight couch,
And ponder out the craggy path which leads
To the dark beetling cliff, against whose base
The just awakening waves mourn sullenly,
While thine eyes strive in vain to view their course,
Save when a billow breaks in snowy foam.
Full many a silent heave will swell the heart
As muses it in such still awful hour,
When the ear list the murmurs sad and deep,
Of the night-hidden surge; even as the soul
Of dark despairing melancholy, lists
The horror-breathing sighs of dim futurity.
But should the waves dash louder, or the winds
Awake wild uproar, while the bursting clouds

Dart their red fury, gleaming o'er the sea
A horrid splendor, then no more the soul
May claim sweet Contemplation for its mate;
But Melancholy, with her palsied child,
Lip-quivering fear, come paly louting on.
Or if the night in fairer guise appear,
And in soft silent loveliness rests o'er
The hills, then down the lonely vale, which leads
To the soft mossy bank of silvered stream,
Turn thy dew-moist'ned steps. There the pale flow'r
The virgin lily, bending in the wave
Kisses its soft reflected image, as
A gentle ripple of the water tells,
That its mute tenants wake—while musing here
Is it not sweet, though but a fabled dream,
To deem that 'neath the calm, so lovely pure,
Some beauteous nymph tuneth her coral shell,
To her fair virgin queen, as through the skies
Circled in veiling clouds, she wanders lone.
Thus in each scene, when from the world's dull
cares

Thought for a moment wander, the warm heart loves
To join its sympathy to some fair being,
Whom, pure as tear of heaven, eye ne'er beheld,
Nor e'en another's thought e'er dwelt upon,
Form'd in our souls and wedded to our sighs.
Dull were each landscape, dead each breathing scene
Which now, as sweet as evening melody,
Delights the breast, save for the beings which
Imagination genders; the sweet thoughts
Of the warm heart embodied, the sympathies
Of spotless souls, inspiring forms as fair,
As blossoms shed from heaven on angels' path.
For these the sage loves the lone hermitage,
And, though imagination's fairy form
May little please his philosophic soul,
Yet oft converses it with visioned forms
As the young lover's heart—for these he deems
That his low roof hath more society,

Than the wide world, and though his visions be
More sombre than the inmates of a heart
More light, yet bind they him as firmly to
His silent solitude of peace and rest.
These, Contemplation! strow thy lonely path
With flowers of fairest hue, and to thy bowers
Oft lead the infant heart with dimpled smile
Of musive gladness—these, in sweetest trance,
People the poet's dream, and to his bosom
Gives Laura, Julia, or an Eloise.
O thou! whose bosom never glow'd, save to
Earth's noisy pleasure, and who never felt
Thy hours glide sweetly, but when passion'd sense,
Intoxicated, slept in stupid joy!
Much do I pity thee, for ne'er may soul
That once hath spoil'd with sensual disgust
Its native purity, regain that state
Of beauteous innocence, when every thought
Dreameth of purest loveliness—when she
Who woke my strains, holds softest empire o'er

Life's careless moments, and the soul may stray
Fearless with her to the Eternal Soul.
For though lull'd reason from its sleep awake,
And burst the death-impoison'd chain, oh yet,
Pure Contemplation, with her placid smile,
Will little lure it, for her only joys
Are the soft dreams which spotless innocence
Inspires, when rising from a world of scorn,
The heart seeks sympathies in purer realms.

Theme of my song, farewell! a long farewell,
Life's sterner cares from thee and thy lov'd joys
Call my loth bosom. Would that thy calm dream
Might lull in peace my all too wandering heart,
And fate resign it but for thee to cherish.
Far from the scenes where many a silent joy
Though mix'd with sorrows oft have cheer'd my
heart,

The world's unheeded wanderer, I stray.
Scenes of my infancy, farewell! to thee
My heart will stray, when science's prouder form,
Perchance shall mock my feebly utter'd vows;
Oft mourn my simple and forsaken harp,
To stranger ears untutored and rude,
To mine most dear.— Harp of my youth, farewell!
O'er thy lov'd strings my lonely sigh first swell'd,
O'er thy lov'd strings my latest tear shall roll.

Sonnets.

SONNET I.

WEEP'ST thou, Emaia? — from thy youthful heart
Why comes the sigh? — upon thy lovely cheek,
Lovely and blooming as the morning's break,
The blossomy bud of love once seem'd to rest.
O Sensibility! dear fatal bliss,
By thee the young heart bared to withering woe,
Chill as the evening storm in summer's glow,
Fades like a flower beneath fair maiden's kiss.
Yet lovely—yes, most lovely does it fade,
And far more lovely is it for awhile
Even to droop beneath thy angel smile,
Than through whole years of real woe to wade.
Sweet are thy joys as bid heaven's sons to glow,
Thy tears more blissful far than all life's joys below.

SONNET II.

MISFORTUNE! pale companion of my youth,
Though no fair smiles of joy be on thy cheek,
Though thy mute tongue no lay of pleasure speak,
Yet, lonely maiden! thou art kind in sooth;
For often when around me thou hast spread
Thy chilling dews, and bow'd my weary head,
Feelings most exquisite, soothing to rest
The bursting sob, have lull'd my woe-fill'd breast,
While, as I look'd upon my path of grief,
And saw no friend but those who smiled relief,
The cold pale moon has caught my moveless eye,
Shining full fair upon the lonely tomb,
While all the other world look'd deep in gloom,
All save the peaceful tomb and the still cloudless sky.

SONNET III.

O'ER the green valley from the cloudless blue,
Waking sweet thoughtfulness, the pale round moon,
Silently wandering, looks calmly down;
As the rose-clustered hedges shake the dew,
In tearful beauty o'er the mossy bed,
Where, blending their sweet blooms, full many a flower
In silentness beneath the sylvan bower,
To peaceful eve sweet fragrant incense shed;
While, lap'd upon their mossy down, some swain
To the remember'd melody, which oft
His parted love was wont to sing so soft,
Charm'd with his own lov'd reed attunes his strain;
For wake no music to the heart so sweet,
As that which bade it once in joy to beat.

SONNET IV.

COME nature's moralist, the waving fields
Laugh in their golden plenty, come and smile,
And view the sun which all the beauty yields;
Then while their stores the gladning reapers pile,
Let thine heart glow with hope of many a day
Of plenteous delight and wealthy joy;
But if perchance the long-view'd scene may cloy,
Awhile then let thy loitering footsteps stray,
Through the still shady grove—no more thou'lt view
What waketh but the gladness of thy heart,
There the sear'd leaves, the wither'd grass that strew,
Will tell thee thou mid plenty e'en must part,
E'en when fair nature gives blest plenty birth,
That thou must wither in the joyless earth.

SONNET V.

ONCE more along the twilight-vested hills
Soft-breaking morning sheds a glimmering light,
The waning moon her wandering task fulfils,
Hast'ning to veil her form in distant night.
A single warbler, from the tufted green,
Hath wing'd its flight to where of deepest hue,
Breaking the purpled gloom and silent blue,
One narrow streak of crimsoned light is seen.
Wide and more wide the melting glory spreads,
The splendor-bathed cloud in calmness smiles
As sleep in seas of bliss th' eternal isles.
Hark! sweetly melts some far-off melody!
Say, trill the harp-strings of the waking sky?

SONNET VI.

SAY, shall we loiter by the hast'ning stream,
And there in musive, melancholy dream,
Think even as its waves time sinks away,
And weep because the ever-cirling hours
Fade fast as dies the bloom of summer flowers?
Is life so precious then, so blissful too,
That we should deem its very moments fair,
And worth our sighs tho' wing'd with every care?
Yes, airy Fancy gilds the distant view,
And makes *this* earth *that* heaven we all pursue;
E'en wise men, while they look with searching eye,
Chiding man's love of life, deem themselves wise,
Because in sooth not life but time they prize,
And cherish that alone which teaches them to die.

SONNET VII.

DEEP in the forest's wild the birds are still,
And the thick beechen shade, whilome so gay,
Crackles beneath the melting snows,— the rill
Breaking the ice half gains its wavy play,
And pale chilled nature in the rustling gale
Seems breathing forth an almost joyous tale;
While strays the primrose girl, in pensiveness,
Along the flowerless path,— yet oft a smile
Dimples her rosy budding lips, the while
She turns her eye adown the little dell,
Where soon again the violet shall bloom,
And the wild rose's bud in beauty swell,
Even thus too hope's fair vision'd flowers will bless;
But, ah! they bloom not till they deck our tomb.

SONNET VIII.

Sad fades the last rose of summer! — no more
Smiles its soft beauty in the morning dews!
Pale, sad, and withered are the blushing hues,
That in its youthful loveliness it wore.
No more the sorrow-charming nightingale,
Deep curtain'd in the glen, or lonelier vale,
Tunes on its fragrant breast her moonlight tale.
Sad fades the last rose of summer! — no more
Soft sighing zephyrs from its dewy bloom,
Waft to the waking morn their sweet perfume;
But hast'ning Autumn, with his mantle hoar,
Vests its bent form.— Even thus pale sorrow too
Shall wither up the heart, when sympathy
With the dear objects of affection die.

SONNET IX.

SPIRIT of heart-intrancing loveliness,
Whether, in melting smiles at set of day,
When the soft sighing gales breath silent bliss,
Thou sleep upon the purple-veiled ray;
Or in the morning's blush, when on the wave
Of the calm bosom of an eastern sea,
Trested in bright dew she looks all placidly;
Or in the eye, that to the soul first gave
Ecstatic life, like the soft heaven thou seem,
Visioned in holy sick man's fever'd dream.
Say, canst thou give one joy, save when the soul
Forget that thou art earthly, deeming thee
A child of heaven, that from humanity
Loves the dark cloud of heaviness to roll?

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND, WHO SAID, MAN WAS BORN FOR JOY.

Youth twines her rosy chaplets o'er thy brow,
And Pleasure fires thy bosom's genial glow,
Life young and joyous points no dart for thee,
Ne'er taught thy heart the truth she teaches me.
But O when calm reflection wake thy soul,
And swell the tear woe never taught to roll,
Think on the cares a well known breast destroy,
Then ask thy heart if man be born for joy?
Go turn thine eye along yon silent walls,
And list the sob that on thy friendship calls.
Go view the burning cheek, the phrensying eye,
Go lull the pang of misery's anguish'd sigh;

Then as thou bendest o'er thy sad employ,*
Ask thy warm heart if man be born for joy.
Go thou who joy'st in fancy's lay of love,
Go list the lays her sweetest votary wove, †
Go list the lays, then view the friendless bed,
Where rests in memory's thought the minstrel's head.
Go list his sighs as dying reason roves
O'er the lov'd distant forms his bosom loves,
O'er the lov'd scenes where first warm hope inspir'd
The glowing dreams that fancy's visions fir'd.
Go view the form of him whose bosom knew
The fairest sweetest scenes of pleasure's view;
Then while thou see'st pale death his soul destroy,
Ask thy pang'd heart if man be born for joy.
Go view the pile round which we love to stray,
When the grey twilight vests the parting day,
Leave beauty's rising star and view the cells
Where vice, where death, perchance misfortune dwells.

* He was a pupil at the hospital of ——. † Chatterton.

Go list the wretch's tale, go hear him tell
The woes that led from virtue ere he fell;
Then when thy soul his sighs of sorrow cloy,
Then ask thy heart if man be born for joy.
Go seek at vesper hour yon cloister'd pile,
Leave the vain world and muse in peace awhile,
Leave the fool's bauble—hope's too flattering beam,
And make not life the vision of a dream;
Think on the hour when gloomy fate shall part
The first sweet treasure of thy passion'd heart;
Think on the hour when all thy blossom'd bliss
Shall fade in one deep sigh, one burning kiss;
Then as her pangs thy own sear'd soul destroy,
Then ask thy heart if man be born for joy.
Go muse on distant years when thou and I
Distant, forgotten too, perchance may sigh,
Scorn'd by the world, because our bosoms knew
But what their feelings point at to pursue; —
Scorn'd by the world, because perhaps too wild
Their glow from life's dull onward path beguil'd;

Lured from the path where all are good, all wise,
Who plod the surest road to fortune's prize;
Where the dull fool without an eye to err,
All men deem wisest, and all knaves prefer.
Go muse on distant years when nature's woes
Shall damp the flame that now so brightly glows.
Go muse on woes to come, for come they must,
Ere fade this form of ashes and of dust;
Then when thy soul their deep'ning visions cloy,
Then ask thy heart, if man be born for joy.

THE END.

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